

365 Days of Rain

..Nothing what hides within it.

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365 DAYS OF RAIN IS A CHILLING PSYCHOLOGICAL THRILLER WHERE TIME BENDS, REALITY FRACTURES, AND THE RAIN NEVER CEASES. WHEN JAMES AND LILA REUNITE AFTER YEARS APART, THEY FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED IN AN ENDLESS STORM, HAUNTED BY A PRESENCE THAT WARPS THEIR MEMORIES AND DISTORTS TIME ITSELF. AS THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE COLLIDE, THEY MUST UNCOVER THE TRUTH HIDDEN IN THE DOWPOUR—BEFORE THEY VANISH FOREVER.

THE FIRST IN A GRIPPING SERIES, *365 DAYS OF RAIN* IS AN ATMOSPHERIC BLEND OF HORROR AND MYSTERY.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dimly lit apartment. The sound of rain tapping against the window. JAMES (30s, introspective, weary) stares outside, watching the city drenched in an endless downpour.

JAMES (V.O.)

Some people count days in sunshine.
Me? I measure life in storms.

He takes a sip from his half-empty glass of whiskey. The clock on the wall ticks loudly—3:07 AM.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Three hundred sixty-five days...

A KNOCK at the door. James hesitates. The knock comes again, firmer this time. He gets up, crosses the room, and opens it. Standing there is LILA (late 20s, soaked, shivering, a ghost from his past).

LILA

You weren't going to let me in?

James steps aside. She walks in, dripping water onto the hardwood floor. A silence between them—heavy, unspoken history.

JAMES

You look like hell.

LILA

I missed you too.

She smirks, but her eyes betray something deeper. James closes the door, locking them in with the sound of rain hammering against the world outside.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

The apartment is eerily still. Lila stands at the window, gazing out at the rain-soaked streets below. James stirs awake on the couch, eyes adjusting to the dim light.

A faint SOUND outside. Footsteps? James stiffens, exchanging a glance with Lila. She heard it too.

JAMES

Did you tell anyone you were coming here?

LILA

No.

The footsteps stop. A long silence follows, then—a SOFT KNOCK at the door. James slowly reaches for the drawer of a nearby cabinet, pulling out a small handgun.

LILA (WHISPERS)

James...

He motions for her to stay back. The rain outside provides a steady rhythm, masking their breath. James inches toward the door, peering through the peephole.

Nothing. Just darkness and the endless downpour.

He exhales, stepping back—but then—A LOUDER KNOCK. More forceful. James tightens his grip on the gun.

JAMES

Stay here.

Lila hesitates, then moves toward the kitchen, gripping a knife from the counter. James unlocks the door slowly, inching it open.

The hallway is empty. Just the sound of rain cascading down the building.

James steps forward. A SHADOW MOVES at the far end of the hall.

Then—BAM! The door slams shut behind him. Lila gasps inside. James spins, heart pounding.

JAMES

Lila, lock it!

A beat. Then, from inside the apartment—

LILA (O.S.)

James... someone's in here.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT – MOMENTS LATER

James rattles the door handle. Locked. He pounds his fist against it.

JAMES

Lila! Open up!

Muffled movement inside. A breathy WHIMPER.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Lila!

Silence. Then—

A SINGLE FOOTSTEP.

James freezes. His breath shallow. The hallway's dim light flickers. He takes a step back, gripping the gun tighter. The door handle turns slowly—on its own.

Inside, Lila backs against the wall, knife trembling in her grip. The lights BUZZ, flickering erratically. Shadows shift unnaturally against the walls. Something moves behind her.

A soft, wet BREATH inches from her neck.

She spins—nothing there. But something is watching.

James KICKS the door open. Lila's eyes dart to him. She opens her mouth to scream—

A DARK FIGURE LURCHES from the shadows—hazy, flickering, like a glitching hologram. EIDOLON.

James FIRES. The gunshot ROARS over the rain.

Silence. Heavy. Crushing.

EIDOLON distorts, vanishing, then reappearing inches from Lila. A ghostly, fractured voice WHISPERS—

EIDOLON

You... never left...

The walls tighten. The apartment SHIFTS, warping like a collapsing dream. The rain outside becomes deafening, as if the world itself is unraveling.

JAMES

Lila, MOVE!

James grabs her hand. They sprint for the door—but it's GONE. Just an endless hallway stretching into darkness.

LILA (PANICKED)

James, what's happening?!

Eidolon's silhouette flickers ahead of them, impossibly large, its form shifting like static. The apartment walls start closing in.

EIDOLON (WHISPERING)

You are already here.

Lila SCREAMS as the shadows consume them.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - UNKNOWN TIME

James gasps, waking up on the couch. The rain outside is gone. No sound. Just eerie, deafening silence.

Lila stands at the window, frozen.

JAMES

Lila...?

She turns. Her face pale. Eyes hollow.

LILA

James... look.

James follows her gaze—

Outside the window, the city is frozen in time. Raindrops HOVER midair, unmoving. Cars suspended mid-motion. The world, trapped in a single frame.

A low, guttural whisper fills the room.

EIDOLON (V.O.)

Time is not yours to keep...

James and Lila turn slowly. Behind them, EIDOLON looms, its form stretching, distorting, warping like shattered glass.

LILA (WHISPERS)

We're not in our time anymore...

The apartment begins to flicker-phasing between past, present, and future. The walls crack, revealing glimpses of events that haven't happened yet. James sees himself-OLDER, fighting, bleeding. Lila sees herself-GONE.

JAMES

We have to get out.

EIDOLON

You have always been here...

Suddenly, the floor beneath them collapses. They FALL—

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

James and Lila wake up on a flooded street. The rain is still falling—endless, oppressive. They look around. The city is EMPTY. Buildings decayed, covered in vines, as if abandoned for years.

A distant HUM. A towering FIGURE stands in the distance, watching them.

LILA (WHISPERING)

James... this isn't over.

A flash of lightning reveals something written on a crumbling billboard—

"THE SECOND STORM IS COMING."

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN. SOFT RAIN SOUNDS.

A single, dim streetlight flickers. Raindrops ripple in slow motion.

4 SECONDS - INHALE

- The title *365 Days of Rain* appears in glitchy, water-warped text.
- Faint whispers echo beneath the rain.

7 SECONDS - HOLD

- Cast names fade in and out like water stains.
- A shadowy silhouette, **EIDOLON**, stands at the far end of a flooded alley. It doesn't move.
- Director, writers, and producers' names drift across the screen like reflections in water.

8 SECONDS - EXHALE

- The city flickers between past and present.
- A distorted radio transmission crackles: "*The second storm is coming.*"
- A final shot: James and Lila's footprints in the wet pavement... disappearing one by one.

FADE TO BLACK.

A single **drip** echoes. The screen remains dark. Then— **STATIC CUTS OUT.**